

# The TATLER

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## *"Gone to the Devil"*

SOMEWHERE within a few yards of where Temple Bar once stood was an ancient tavern bearing the sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the devil's nose. But if the founder wished his house to be known as "St. Dunstan's" he reckoned without the lawyers in their chambers nearby.

The legal wits of the day in need of refreshment used to put placards on their doors "Gone to the Devil". And the devil it was and St. Dunstan for once played second fiddle.

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# THE TATLER

LONDON  
NOVEMBER 20, 1946

and BYSTANDER  
Postage: Inland 2d. Canada and Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

One Shilling and Sixpence  
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## Miss Mary Churchill Announces Her Engagement

Miss Mary Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill's youngest daughter, announced her engagement on the day this photograph was taken of her attending the wedding of Lord Burnham's daughter, the Hon. Lucia Lawson, and Lord Woolton's son, the Hon. Roger Marquis, at Beaconsfield. Her fiancé is Captain Christopher Soames, Assistant Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, son of Captain Granville Soames, who has been M.P. for Romford and for Guildford, and of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys. Miss Churchill joined the ATS as a private on her nineteenth birthday in 1941, and attained the rank of Junior Commander before her recent demobilization. She served with the A.A. in France and Belgium and was on a gunsight during the flying bomb attacks on this country. During the war she also frequently accompanied her father on his travels in an official capacity, and last year was awarded the M.B.E. (Military Division) for meritorious service. More recently she has accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill to America, France and Switzerland. Mr. Soames, who is in the Coldstream Guards, served in Egypt, Italy and France. It is expected that the wedding will take place in January





## Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

WHENEVER I see my life too clearly, and melancholy fastens her talons too deep, I console myself by observing the miseries of my rich friends. Off they go to Cannes or Malaga, to reappear tortured by schizophrenia or an inane love affair. From under one's nose they buy the expensive "bonheur de jour" one was planning for a present; and yet they pay a court as assiduous as ever to their psycho-analysts.

Nevertheless, I have often wished for the miseries of riches so that I could buy certain coveted objects for what in loud-mouthed circles is known, I believe, as "spot cash." There is, for instance, a small Directoire sofa which has haunted these last ten years of my life. Again and again I come upon it, find the price extravagant, bargain, temporize; when I return next day it is gone to a plutocrat less difficult than I.

Three times this has happened, always at a rising price, and the last time last week. The gods have obviously decreed this piece of furniture to enter my possession eventually; but after what a spate of words, what unnecessary expenditure both of cash and spirit.

### Lost Elegances

YET as I enviously survey it, here, I say, is a justifiable folly. For in its slightly spindly interlacements, its Anubis-headed arms, its Pasht-crowned feet, it evokes the furniture illustrated in some eighteenth-dynasty papyrus or bas-relief of a banquet at the height of the Luxor season. But even more does it put one in mind of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt in the year 1798. All modern enemies of this country, when they do not know what else to do, turn upon Egypt. But I doubt whether Rommel, when he led the Afrika Korps southwards across the Sicilian narrows, thought of taking with him the cream of German archæology.



In any case the elegances of war are, it seems, at an end. Only Field Marshal Montgomery reviews war with the civilized eye. "This is a very interesting battle," he said when called in to save the situation in the Ardennes at the end of December, 1944. No rancour, no suspicion of mass hatred taints his cool professional ardour. Like Field Marshal Alexander he obviously regards war as a

science that owes respect to other sciences.

So felt Napoleon; and he was proud to carry with him to Egypt one hundred and seventy-five savants who were to unlock the secrets of that tantalizing country. For him it was a genuine pleasure to read with them Plutarch and Arrian, or to argue on the exact nature of the planets.

The Egyptian campaign may on balance have been a failure. Nelson destroyed the French fleet in the Battle of the Nile. The reverse before Acre led to a retreat less momentous but almost as disagreeable as that from Moscow thirteen years later. Finally there came the ignominious flight through the British fleet back to Fréjus, leaving the Army of the Nile to the care of the devoted Kléber (1753-1800), now remembered largely by an avenue that goes off at an unexpected angle from the Etoile, but surely one of the most brilliant and sympathetic figures of the early Napoleonic army.



### The "Rosetta" Stone

YET on the other hand, Egypt had been forced to give up her principal secret. The discovery by a French engineer of the "Rosetta" stone (now in the British Museum) inscribed with a decree of Ptolemy V Epiphanes in Greek, Hieratic and Demotic Egyptian, solved the puzzle of the hieroglyphs and laid the foundations of Egyptology; while Napoleon's sudden return to Paris to lead the coup d'état of the Eighteenth Brumaire, November 9, 1799 (incidentally, how romantic and sensible are the names of the revolutionary months! How well does the word "Brumaire" reflect the opaque air of this season), caused a frenzy for the Egyptian style in decoration and furniture, known as "Retour d'Egypte."

Of course, there had been an Egyptian fashion in Imperial Rome, in Tiberius' time if I remember rightly. The eighteenth century had fitfully played with Egyptian themes, as with Polish and Turkish, Chinese and Gothic. Robert Adam at Sion and Osterley continuously hints at Egyptian motives, but this was not to be compared to the army of sphinxes that now invaded Paris. Even the Prince Regent at Carlton House sat on a magnificent throne chair, now at Buckingham

Palace, in the shape of an Egyptian chariot, largely formed by the wings of two huge sphinxes.

### Thomas Hope of Deepdene

THE style even influenced the shape of furniture not consciously "Egyptian." I happen to possess an Empire writing-bureau



with conventional ormolu decorations in a purely "Roman" manner. But the shape is like the peristyle of some temple at Karnak.

It was, I suppose, that fascinating figure, Thomas Hope of Deepdene (1770-1831) who first brought "Retour d'Egypte" taste to this country. What an age, when a rich young merchant possesses culture enough and knowledge to decorate his house to his own designs, and do it brilliantly—besides making a famous collection of pictures! Hope was in his way a minor Beckford, but also a happier one. By the way, some of his authentic furniture from Deepdene was to be seen at the recent Regency Exhibition in Brighton.

### The Republican Victory

IN London this week I found all but my "die-hard" friends a trifle cast down by the Republican victory in the mid-term United States elections. I cannot for the life of me understand why. Loud among the many voices of the party, it is true, is the voice of Colonel McCormick, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, notorious isolationist and baiter of this country. But the foreign policy of the United States will be determined by forces far larger than Colonel McCormick or the Republican Party. And as for their internal policy, well, the "New Deal" lies in Mr. Roosevelt's grave.

The truth is, the Republican victory merely follows a trend inevitable long ago. We in Europe are largely concerned with the distribution of a limited wealth, and for want of any better means of achieving this distribution justly, we turn in desperation to State control. America is still an expanding economy, and will, some say, continue to expand for another century. To such an economy the harsh virility of Free Enterprise is perhaps better suited.

In many ways, one sympathizes with the Americans in their revolt against the trammels



of the State. With them must go the good wishes of all men of spirit, irrespective of party, of all Liberals, and secretly, I believe, of many Socialists, who do not wish to see another American slump, with its uncomfortable consequences for a Europe which never has a chance to share in American booms.

The danger about this brave old world of Free Enterprise and its possible failure is the average American's belief that the principle of "rugged individualism" is written into the American Constitution, and the very rigidity of that Constitution itself in the face of a crisis. What will be the extent of disillusionment if this last experiment in economic individualism ends in tears? Will the American people be left with no principle to support them?

#### Thomas Jefferson

AND what, I wonder, are the reflexions today high up in Elysium of that wise, kindly author of the "Declaration of Independence" Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), who is I suppose also the father of the Republican Party. He was certainly the champion of individualism, even to the point of condoning rebellion on occasion. "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. . . . It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government." But what would he think of Big Business, and the industrial North that for the last century has been the stronghold of his party, he who denounced big cities as "sores upon the body politic" and loathed manufacturers?

What a strange, versatile creature, this third president of America, this philosopher, architect, violinist, who when sending to Italy for plasterers to help him in the building of his lovely house, Montecello, insisted they should be able musicians so as to join him in his concerts.

Yet Montecello, for all his distrust of manufacturers, already reflects the American passion for "gadgets." Jefferson's bedroom designed to catch every breath of summer air, the minute lifts either side of the dining-room chimneypiece, to take bottles to and fro from his cellar, the dials under the huge colonnade, telling the time and the direction of the wind.

It is a pity we in this country do not pay more attention to these Fathers of America. They were remarkable men—in the great Augustan tradition. But a distinguished American visitor shamed me the other day by recounting how in an English houseparty the day before, nobody knew who Benjamin Franklin was. On the other hand, my friend was also convinced that the bulk of the American public had never heard of Gladstone. . .



#### W. H. Donald

A GREY November morning is no time to learn of a friend's death. The drabness of this morning is not improved by the news of W. H. Donald's demise in Shanghai two days ago. This Australian journalist, with his formidable laugh, an almost nautical roll, and the air of some very distinguished American comedian on a holiday, enjoyed the kind of career the reading of which makes small boys run away from their "prep" schools. As adviser first to the Changs, rulers of Manchuria, and then to Chiang K'ai-shek, he was a rock of gay integrity in the dirty turbulent waters of Chinese politics. One should, I suppose, never regret the death of anyone over seventy. But I can't help feeling myself very much the loser in this case. . . .



His Excellency M. Camille Chamoun, the Lebanese Minister, and his wife

Pearl Freeman

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

SERIOUS men and women who "sift" London's Diplomats with meticulous care listen with respect to a strikingly handsome Minister, representing one of the smallest countries in the world; His Excellency Monsieur Camille Chamoun, since May, 1944, first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain of the republic of ancient Lebanon.

His country forms but a strip 120 miles long, thirty to thirty-five miles wide, on the Mediterranean littoral, from Palestine on the south to the Nahr al Kebir, and the population consists of a million Arabic-speaking Druzes, Christians and Moslems.

However, the fallacy that small countries are of minor importance and can be ignored has over and over again been exploded, under stress of costly lessons.

To the British Empire, to France, Turkey, and to international communications, Lebanon is strategically and politically of the highest significance.

CHAMOUN headed his country's delegation at recent meetings of the Palestine Conference in London. The colourfully-robed plenipotentiaries of Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Transjordan, Iraq, waited for the pungently expressed views of the slim, tanned, polished Minister. Chamoun has impressed British as well as fellow-Arab delegates with the clarity of his approach to a problem that has seemed insoluble for decades.

Since Palestine has adjoined Lebanon since before the birth of Christ, Chamoun insists on being heard. Is Sidon not thought to be older than Tyre, and acknowledged to be its mother? Moreover, Chamoun proudly recalls that Baalbeck (Heliopolis) contains ruins of first to third century Roman Circular and Great Temples, while nearby lies the largest cut stone in the world, sixty by seventeen by fourteen feet, weighing 1,500 tons.

Chamoun's father was head of the Finance Department of the then autonomous department under Turkish rule. After school at his native Dir-el-Kamar, he graduated in law at Beirut University. In 1923, at twenty-three, Camille began to practise law, and determined to help Lebanon to reject the French mandate. Thrice he was elected to the Lebanese Parliament, for Beirut, the last occasion being September, 1943.

Through this (nationalistic) Parliament Lebanon decided to make itself completely free of French control. Chamoun, now Home Secretary, received an

ultimatum from the French, to cease the abrogation of their powers. Ignoring this, the Government continued with the bill for Lebanon's complete independence. Had Chamoun not been a member of the small group that formed the party working for freedom in 1935?

AT four o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1943, Chamoun and other members of the Lebanese Government were arrested by French Senegalese troops, and agents of the Sûreté Generale. Chamoun was taken by car to Rashaya, fifty miles away. Revolution broke out before noon, for the people had learned of the arrests. For twelve days shooting continued. Following negotiations with the local British commander, the French released the leaders, Chamoun returning promptly to office. At the weekend he enjoyed his usual hobbies of shooting snipe, gazelle, "and anything else that comes my way, according to the seasons." Another sport he likes is deep-sea fishing.

Next year Chamoun went to Palestine to study the treatment of juvenile delinquents, and introduced various reforms at home.

HE is Roman Catholic, his wife, Zelfha (which means svelte), the strikingly attractive member of a noted Lebanese family, is Presbyterian. But the two sons, aged fifteen and twelve, who attend school in this country have not yet made up their minds on the subject.

The sharply-drawn features relax as Chamoun speaks of his family's motto, "Spread true friendship and be kind to people." And then the deep, emotional brown eyes melt as he refers to the coming sport with his two English pointers.

The riding breeches, splendidly cut, and the obviously English sports coat, strike a contrast with the prim and stately furniture of the imposing Legation in Cowley Street, Belgravia. But when the Minister changes from his sports kit into more sombre business garb the atmosphere of the Legation changes to that of a place where much history is being written.

George Bilainkin.



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## The Admirable Ustinov

MR. USTINOV was recently charged by one of the youngest of our film critics with being too many things in the course of one revolving moon. If this young gentleman did not use these exact words or complete the parallel it is not, of course, that



he did not know his Dryden but that he knew that his readers wouldn't. And yet the temptation must have been great. "Ustinov's current performance as the chief of police in *Crime and Punishment* at the Lyric Theatre is caricatured almost to absurdity." In other words, my godson thinks that Ustinov's

chief of police is a clown, and given the protean charge I don't see how he avoided reference to "Chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Well, I have no doubt that Ustinov knows enough of chemistry to distinguish Eno from Andrew, especially when the containers are labelled. Fiddler? I wouldn't put a shot at Kreisler's art past him, which was the view expressed, *mutatis mutandis*, by Max Beerbohm when somebody said that Sarah Bernhardt was thinking of playing Othello. Statesman? Has the reader noticed the satirist's careful order? The line could so easily have been "Statesman, chemist, fiddler and buffoon." But it isn't. Statesman and buffoon are in juxtaposition, and I have to say that if it came to playing the fool with the country's affairs I should have as much confidence in Ustinov as in anybody now slithering uneasily on Government benches.

GENIUS does what it must, and Talent does what it can. I feel sure that my eminent colleague, who despite his eminence remains my godson whether he likes it or not, knows his Owen Meredith. But I have a feeling that Ustinov is whipped by something which must be Genius since it can't be Talent, for the reason that the first characteristic of Talent is the taking of trouble, and I suspect that Ustinov never takes any.

I suspect him of being like that sixteenth century Scot who at the age of seventeen astounded the Parisians with his sword-play and dialectics, and at the age of twenty staggered the professors of Padua by extemporizing in succession a Latin poem, a daring onslaught on certain Aristotelean errors, and an impassioned oration in praise of

ignorance. (It is a thousand pities this last has been lost.) Well, I wouldn't put any of this out of the reach of Ustinov, who is surpassed by Crichton only in this, that he has not managed to get himself killed in a duel at the age of twenty-two.

THERE is no exception to the rule that even the youngest of us can make mistakes. I remember some twenty years ago advising Noel Coward to take himself and his art more seriously, and give us a play on unrest in Durham coalfields. His immediate reply was *Hay Fever*. My illustrious godson, Paul Dehn, writes:

"Noel Coward was a polished actor before he wrote professionally; a polished writer before he composed professionally; a polished composer, writer and actor before he produced or directed."

But that is because Noel has always been and always will be a taker of pains. Why do I think Ustinov isn't?

Here, with the reader's permission, I shall go back a little. In the high summer of 1941, the late Herbert Farjeon sent me the MS. of a play called *House of Regrets*, by a young Russian known only for his work in cabaret. Four days later the critic of *The Sunday Times* was discoursing about "the sweepings of Petrograd omnibuses, and that warring amalgam of half-swallowed philosophy and ill-



digested poetry which, regurgitated as melancholy, is Tsarist Russia." His notice ended, "Yes, a new dramatist has arrived, and his play will be seen." The play was seen, and so was the subsequent *Blow Your Own Trumpet*. Whereupon the critic rebuked the playwright for dramatic untidiness, and the playwright said that tidiness wasn't what he was after.

A little later he produced that incoherent piece of nonsense *The Banbury Nose*, nonsense about which the same critic was still forced to write: "I find this play entrancing to listen to, for the reason that Mr. Ustinov is probably the greatest master of stagecraft now writing in this country. He has as much wit as Mr. Coward. He has a far greater sense of the theatre than Mr. Priestley deigns to have nowadays. His stream of mind is perpetual,

and I am not worried that the stream is running the wrong way. He writes magnificent parts for actors."

HAVE we perhaps laid our finger here on why *The School for Secrets* (Odeon) is such a success? His plot being found for him, Ustinov was not troubled on that score. Remained only the embellishments, and in this art Ustinov has no modern rival. He has written one first-class part for Ralph Richardson, and two very good ones for Raymond Huntley and John Laurie.

Richardson's performance is superb; no actor that I know can be more ruefully comic. When this very ordinary, if a little school-mastery person is called upon to be heroic and drop from the clouds at the peril of his life he puts on something of Shakespeare's Bottom and is, as it were, translated. Yes, this and not *Cyrano* is the kind of poetry this grand actor best deals in. I think perhaps the film should have shown Raymond Huntley descending into the reservoir at Margate instead of merely letting him talk about it. But the scene on the bridge, in which the German sentry has his throat cut just after whistling a most ingratiating little tune, is tremendous; as far as I am concerned the film is full of excitement from beginning to end.

THE hall-mark of genius being its inability to improve, I don't suppose Mr. Ustinov will advance in his new job any more than he did in his old. It would not surprise me if presently we find him designing a ballet, perhaps dancing in it, always provided he isn't touring the provinces with the Brahms violin concerto and the L.P.O.

I feel that he is not ridden, as men of tidier minds are ridden, by the desire to do any one thing perfectly. I feel that he wants to get a great deal out of life, and is in fact getting it in many disparate ways. I for one am delighted to be the privileged watcher of these ways. Gather we Ustinovs while we may!

In other words, I think that my godson, colleague and brilliant commentator has not realized that tendering advice to Ustinov is like offering bird-seed to an empty sky. That this is an extraordinary young man who likes being Jack-of-all-trades and ninetenths master of them.







*Mrs. Charles Sweeny arriving at the première*



*Mrs. Gossage and Vice-Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Morgan*



*The Earl and Countess of Cromer seated in the theatre*

## Queen Mary Attends A Première

"The School for Secrets" at the Leicester Square Theatre in aid of the National Association of Girls Clubs and Mixed Clubs



*Squadron Leader Anthony Barclay and his wife Deborah Kerr*



*Greta Gynt, the Norwegian-born film actress, and Paul Carpenter*



*Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal and Viscountess Portal*



*Air Marshal Sir James Robb, who was appointed A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command in 1945, and Lady Robb*



*H.M. Queen Mary, with Lady Waddilove, who was a Joint-Chairman of the film committee*





Sid Field in his celebrated number "You Can't Keep a Good Dreamer Down," in which he is assisted by Alfie Dean

# The Theatre

## "Piccadilly Hayride" (Prince of Wales)

ANYONE old enough to remember the music hall in its great days (1890 is not too early a date, 1930 not too recent) naturally resents the suggestion that the essence of the thing has in fact survived.

It is an anti-social suggestion. If he can't lament the disappearance of true variety, out falls the conversational peg on which he had hoped to hang tender, amused and amusing memories of vivid bits of the gaiety of youth—Albert Chevalier, Arthur Roberts, Wilkie Bard, Vesta Tilley, Harry Weldon, Little Tich, Harry Tate and as many more as his juniors could bear at a sitting. Yet year by year this particular peg is given a nasty shake by the Royal Command Performance: a variety bill which includes Mr. Sid Field, to say nothing of "Big Hearted Arthur," cannot be plausibly written off as lacking in the old music hall spirit.

IF a firmer conversational peg is needed for this sort of reminiscence it might be found by glancing at the "business" which the new twice-nightly revue in Coventry Street asks Mr. Fields to do. He is, as may be seen almost on the instant, a Cockney comedian of genius, naturally fitted to top any bill in the music hall's hey-day. He has only to wink, as it were, with the side of his mouth to be funny, and so long as he has his eye on the

life of the London streets he is enormously effective.

At his first appearance he puts the black market of the side alleys into a gorgeously comic yet somehow authentic light. Here he is very near to one of the "turns" of the old music hall, but obviously the occasion makes no call upon that extra half-ounce of imagination which would put the sketch into the gallery of really memorable "turns."

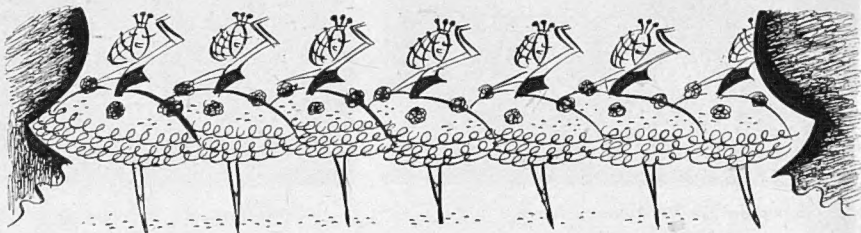
THE show with its mechanized splendours is behind him; he will reappear; there is no need for him to concentrate his powers. He does reappear as a Shakespearian king tripping over his mantle and threatening his retainers with sudden shoulder movements picked up at the ringside. He is later taught—most unsuccessfully—to play snooker, using a bent cue and covering up the thinness of the material by making the same kind of feints at the marker that he has already practised upon the medieval retainers.

He is, in short, required to do nothing in this revue but to get early laughs by a succession of perfectly-timed technical tricks. It is here, perhaps, that those who knew the music hall in its old days may set up their lament over changed conditions. If Mr. Field had been appearing for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time in different bills



## In brief --

### THE "TATLER" THEATRE GUIDE



#### Straight Plays

**And No Birds Sing** (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender is the man who loves her in spite of them.

**Grand National Night** (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, with Hermione Baddeley in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

**Pick-Up Girl** (Casino). Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquents, very powerfully put over.

**Vanity Fair** (Comedy). Claire Luce superb as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, with Victoria Hopper as Amelia.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**Message For Margaret** (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the performances of her career.

**Fools Rush In** (Fortune). Derek Farr, Glynis Johns and Joyce Barbour in another very entertaining *Quiet Wedding* story.

**Lady Windermere's Fan** (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffith Jones and Geoffrey

Toone in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative evening's entertainment. **Caste** (Lyric, Hammersmith). Revival of the comedy-drama by T. W. Robertson originally presented in 1867. Story is the result of marriage between the stage and the aristocracy.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Walter Fitzgerald and Emlyn Williams.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *King Lear*, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown and Alec Guinness.

**The Skin Of Our Teeth** (Piccadilly). Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic strip.

**Our Betters** (Playhouse). Dorothy Dickson and Cathleen Nesbitt in a revival of Somerset Maugham's biting comedy on Anglo-American peeresses and their behaviour.

**But For The Grace Of God** (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

**The Shop At Sly Corner** (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young as an old pawnbroker.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingill.

**The Poltergeist** (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Nauntun Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings all together on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

#### With Music

**Big Ben** (Adelphi). Operatic skit on the House of Commons presented by C. B. Cochran with music by Vivien Ellis and libretto by A. P. Herbert.

**Sweetest And Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall as deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue.

**Under The Counter** (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

**The Shephard Show** (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke are the leading lights of this colourful show.



Caricatures by  
Tom Titt



*Practically Nothing Under Control* as the suave announcer (Terry Thomas) breaks adrift while coping with a technical hitch

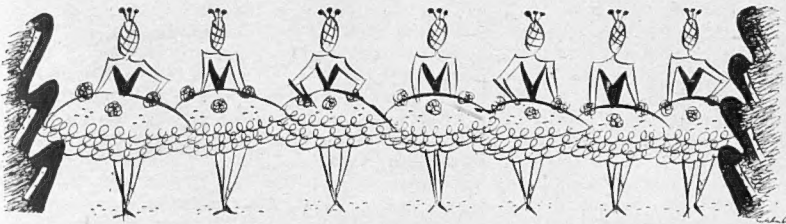
each night, he would have been forced to concentrate his fun and to trust not to easy technical tricks but to highly personal strokes of comic observation. The genius which modern revue dissipates would have burst into a great comic blaze.

THE atmosphere of this particular revue, slickly produced by Mr. Alec Shanks, is rather that of a film musical. It is a loud and glittering affair, but all sorts of good things beside Mr. Field turn up, notably M. Robert Lamouret, an accomplished ventriloquist with the most expressive dummy that I can remember, an engagingly irrepressible duck delightfully manipulated. Mr. Terry Thomas effectively mocks B.B.C. announcers, and Miss Blanche Lund dances unpretentiously and pleasingly. I take it for granted that the high-pitched microphones of the first night have been tuned down: it is too much to hope that they have gone altogether.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

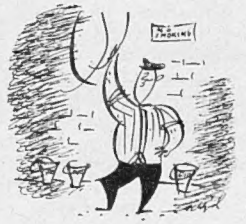


*Dudule Comes Up Strongly* on Donald's quarter in the comedy stakes, under the guidance of his owner Robert Lamouret, the French cabaret artist



## BACKSTAGE

with *Beaumont Kent*.



AFTER the longest closure in the history of the present house, Drury Lane Theatre reopens on December 19, with the Noel Coward operetta *Pacific—1860*, a show which, I gather, will reveal, among other things, the most tuneful score which the author-composer-producer has written.

*Pacific—1860* is a romance set on an island in the Pacific and colonized by the British, and the love interest concerns the arrival of a glamorous prima donna, a part to be played by Mary Martin, the American star. The hero will be Graham Payn who appeared in Coward's revue, *Sigh No More*.

There will not be many principals in the cast, but the company will be large, and of the scenes the departure of a steamer from the island harbour will be the most spectacular.

The reopening of the historic house will be an almost national event. It has been closed since Friday, September 1, 1939, two days before the declaration of war. I well remember that depressing occasion. War was in everybody's minds and the house that saw Ivor Novello's *The Dancing Years* held only £37, whereas up to that night it had been drawing £700 at every performance.

Repairs to the extensive bomb damage in the auditorium have been carried out mainly by the theatre's own staff and, I am assured, nothing in the way of housing material has been used for the work.

At the beginning of next month it will be possible to transfer the hitherto scattered rehearsals to Drury Lane.

IN addition to Celia Lipton, who, as I told you last week, will be the Principal Boy (Colin) of *Mother Goose* at the Casino Theatre—the only West End pantomime this Christmas—the cast will include Stanley Holloway as Squire Skinflint, Dave and Joe O'Gorman as the detectives Cup and Saucer, Nat Mills as the Dame and his partner Bobby as Lobelia, the maid, with Roberta Huby as Jill, the Principal Girl.

The Casino stage will lend itself to some fine spectacular displays, and Prince Littler, who always shows taste in these matters, will see to it that nothing is lacking in fashion and loveliness in the dressing. The cast of 100 will include thirty-two Terry Juveniles.

The pantomime opens on December 20, and will have to end on March 1, 1947, because of a future booking.

WHILE the Old Vic Company, at the invitation of the French Government, is playing *Lear* at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in Paris for one week during the Unesco conference, the Bristol Old Vic company will give eight performances of *Tess* of the

D'Urbervilles at the New Theatre from November 26 to Saturday, the 30th.

Tess will be played by Wendy Hiller and Angel Clare by William Devlin, who will be remembered for his brilliant performance of Lear while with the Old Vic before the war. The production is by Hugh Hunt, director of the Bristol Old Vic (the ancient Theatre Royal), and the *décor* is by Guy Sheppard.

This dramatization of Hardy's novel is by Ronald Gow, Wendy Hiller's husband, who was invited to make the adaptation by the Old Vic some time ago. It was decided to produce the adaptation as the second play in the current season at Bristol where it has run for three weeks.

FIRTH SHEPARD has beaten all rival managers to it by securing *Life With Father*, the play which has been running in New York for seven years without a break, for London production. We shall see it in March next year.

This domestic comedy has just celebrated its eighth birthday at the Bijou Theatre. It has established a world record and leaves the four- or five-year runs of such plays as *Tobacco Road* and *Abie's Irish Rose* miserably in the rear. It makes our own long-running *Chu Chin Chow* with its 2,238 performances look like a flop, and during its run has grossed over £1,800,000.



## SELF-PROFILE

## Tom Walls

by

Tom Walls

ONE early evening in the summer of 1928 I was about to leave the British and Dominion Studios at Elstree in my car when out from the door of one of the other stages—with leonine head and his round, full face heavily made up with No. 5 grease paint—came Mark Hambourg.

He had been making a test for a picture which Herbert Wilcox was contemplating—*The Loves of Beethoven*—and catching sight of me, with eyes rolling and palms of his hands towards heaven, he indicated his face and mournfully cried, "Oh, Tom, to what I have come—like the leopard, to change his spots!" I thought his misquotation quite delightful, but he was only bemoaning the incongruity of a world-famous pianist putting make-up on his face for a screen character.

Poor Mark! He had just been through a very painful experience. There are few trials in life more cold-blooded and devastating than a studio film test. I have seen fine stage performers of both sexes—when first confronted by a film camera and the microphone, surrounded by twenty or so completely unknown and equally callous onlookers—crumble into complete impotence. But Mark had set me thinking. I had started that day at 5.30 in the morning as a serious trainer of racehorses on Epsom Downs. I had then motored thirty miles from my stables to Elstree and worked there all day as the director and star in the film *Rookery Nook*, and was now bound for the Aldwych Theatre—of which I was the managing director—to play my part in the Ben Travers farce *Plunder*.

"CAN the leopard change his spots?" Surely this was by the way of being a chameleon performance for one day. A slight mixing of metaphors there, I am afraid. However, my life has been rather mixed, and, although I have met with a full measure of success in most of my ventures, I am convinced that, in the long run, it does not pay to be versatile.

For example, take almost all of today's great stars on stage or screen—particularly the latter—and I am referring only to the men. To mention just a few—Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Muni, and if you like, one or two migratories—Charles Laughton and Cedric Hardwicke. Do

they ever attempt to be any other than themselves—apart from wearing different costume or change of period? and yet, to be somewhat contradictory, Cedric Hardwicke can be a brilliant actor if he chooses. Think of his magnificent efforts some years ago as Churdles Ash in *The Farmer's Wife*, and Richard Varwell in *Yellow Sands*; yet it pays him better and he has achieved more fame by being Cedric Hardwicke whether attired as Charles II or Ralph Nickleby.

WHAT is an actor? My dictionary, Webster's Fifth Edition, tells me: "A theatrical or motion picture performer." I see a great deal more in it than that. I would define an actor as one who is able to assume and portray a character unlike his own, plus knowledge through experience of the technique of the stage or screen, as opposed to a "good performer" who may possess the latter qualities to a marked degree but is definitely unable to qualify for the former. In fact, like the leopard—he cannot change his spots!

I am of the opinion that many fine actors have made their entrances and exits and passed on in the great procession of their calling—practically unheralded and unsung—by virtue of their sheer ability to act. I can hardly be accused of crying "sour grapes" for—notwithstanding the fact that I have been Jack of many trades—by measure of achievement I have been master of quite a few. In my time as actor manager in the theatre, I doubt if there were any others of the same period making as much money as I was. Later, when my activities were chiefly confined to producing, directing and starring in pictures—with all due modesty, I think my remuneration was about top in that sphere. Again, in my racing endeavours, I think I am right in saying that I am one of the only two men who ever owned and trained the winner of the Epsom Derby—the other being Chev. Ginestrelli with Signorinetta. Fred Darling comes near it with his dual success in the wartime Derby at Newmarket with Pont L'Eveque. And yet I have a feeling that if I had confined my efforts to attaining one final objective I might have achieved something really worth while—but I don't suppose I should have had half as much fun.

As a small boy I went through all the heroic desires of the average healthy youngster. I wanted to be an engine driver—a policeman—a jockey—and, among quite a few other things, I even wanted to be an actor! Where I differed from most small boys was that nearly all the castles I built in the air came to solidity. I drove a real engine on a real railway—by stealth—and thereby hangs a tale too long for this brief sketch. I rode in other people's colours and my own, many times, on racecourses in both England and Australia, and, oh boy! a policeman—in London at that—but I did not stay long; there were other things I wanted to do.

A QUESTION that I am frequently asked is, "Why don't Ralph Lynn and I get together again and do more plays like those we used to do at the Aldwych?" Well, we had a grand and gloriously successful time there—ten plays in ten years, and, incidentally, five of my parts were old or elderly men, irascible colonels and old soaks, or as Ralph once put it—"wet accumulators." But one has to remember we started the series nearly a quarter of a century ago, and most of the plays were based upon philandering and I think that is a habit one should grow out of—at least, in public! If this opinion needed endorsement, I had a letter in my fan mail the other day from—I hope—a very young lady—which ran:

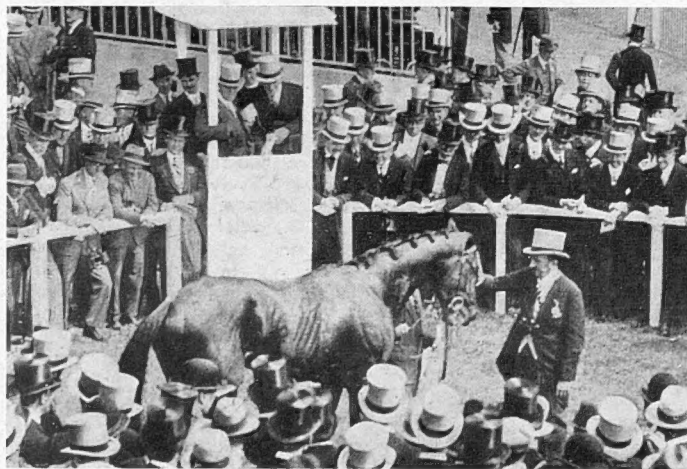
"Please send me an autographed photo. I have seen several of your pictures, and I think you are quite a good actor for an old man like you."

There is a famous saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss" but my experience definitely gives that the lie. I have roamed and rolled all over the world and hopped from pillar to post, but gosh! I have gathered a lot of moss! Unfortunately I have mislaid most of it—and now, rapidly approaching the sear and yellow, I am enjoying vastly the job of portraying characters for the screen—my two last being Phillip Fergusson in *This Man is Mine*, and the favourite part of my whole career—Simeon Crowther in *The Crowthers of Bankdam*. Still I would rather be training racehorses, but I am getting too old to do both. However, I suppose I mustn't grumble!

The Child The earliest photograph of the future actor



The Owner In the paddock at Epsom with April the Fifth with which he won the Derby in 1932



The Policeman At one time he was a London policeman







## As "Simeon Crowther"— His Favourite Part

Drawing by  
Philip Youngman Carter

Tom Walls, seen above in his favourite part of Simeon Crowther in *The Crowthers of Bankdam*, is as well known on the turf as he is on the stage. He comes from Northamptonshire and was educated at Northampton County School. His first stage appearance was in 1905 at Glasgow, in *Aladdin*, and after touring in Canada and the U.S.A., he had his first London engagement in *Sir Roger de Coverley* at the Empire in 1907. An Australian tour followed; and after that a series of engagements at the famous West End musical comedy theatres. It was in 1922 that his fortunes began to take an acute upward turn when, in management with Leslie Henson, he put on *Tons of Money*, by Ben Travers, at the Shaftesbury. It ran for two years. Then in 1925 began the series of Aldwych farces by Ben Travers, *Rookery Nook* and the like, most of them produced by Tom Walls himself, in which he and Ralph Lynn gained a national, if not an international, reputation as a comic team. In 1928 he entered films and repeated many of the Aldwych successes on the screen; and he has directed and acted in many other pictures, including *Johnny Frenchman*, produced last year.

His racing interests would fill a chapter in themselves, headed by his victory in the Derby in 1932 with *April the Fifth*. He has also trained the winners of many other classic turf fixtures. He lives at Ewell, near Epsom, is married, and has a son.





Swabe

The marriage took place at St. Andrew's, Weston-under-Lizard, Shropshire, of Viscount Newport, only son of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, of Weston Park, Shifnal, and Miss Mary Willoughby Montgomery, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. H. Montgomery, of Cadogan House, Shrewsbury. The bride and bridegroom are seen receiving guests during the reception at Weston Park

## THE EARL OF BRADFORD'S HEIR MARRIED IN SHROPSHIRE

Viscount Newport and Miss Mary Montgomery



Viscountess Cowdray and her daughter,  
the Hon. Teresa Pearson



The Countess of Bradford, the bridegroom's mother,  
with Mrs. T. H. Montgomery, mother of the bride



Miss Diana Phipps and her mother, Lady Sybil  
Phipps, who is a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester





*Admiral Viscount Mountbatten and Viscountess Mountbatten were among those who attended the wedding*



*The Hon. Diana Herbert and Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra of Kent, who were train-bearers*



*Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, the Earl of Athlone, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven and Queen Mary*

## WEDDING OF SIR HAROLD WERNHER'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER

Attended by Queen Mary and the Princesses



*Pipers of the Scots Guards piping the bride and bridegroom from the church at the wedding of Major David Henry Butter, M.C., Scots Guards, and Miss Myra Alice Wernher at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the younger daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Col. C. A. J. Butter and of Mrs. Butter, of Pitlochry, Perthshire*





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244

Compton Collier

### Lady George Scott and Her Children

Lady George Scott is the wife of Lt.-Col. Lord George Scott, third son of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch and brother of the present Duke. He is commanding the 1st Battalion of the Northamptonshire Yeomanry with the B.A.O.R. Lady Scott was formerly Miss Molly Bishop. Their three children are Georgina, Charmian and David



Bassano

### Countess Howe and Her Family

Countess Howe is the wife of Earl Howe, whom she married in 1944. Her husband is the fifth earl and succeeded his father in 1929. With her is her stepdaughter, Lady Frances Curzon, and her daughters, Miss Susan Shafto, Lady Sarah Curzon and Miss Ann Shafto

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**S**AD, but not unexpected, was the news that there will again be no Royal Courts in 1947. Continuing austerity, and the need for exports, are the reasons why the London scene is not to be graced by those loveliest and most attractive of functions, the evening Courts at Buckingham Palace.

Realising how steadily the list of those wishing to make their first curtsies has been building up since the last Courts in 1939, the King and Queen wisely chose as the solution a series of garden-parties at Buckingham Palace, attendance at which will count, and be recorded as equivalent to and a substitute for, attendance or presentation at Court—which, of course, does not apply to the usual twice-yearly Palace garden-parties.

Dates for these functions have yet to be chosen, but I gather there will be four or six parties, to be held in June and July. Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, is at present working out details for submission to the King, with the valuable precedent to guide him of the garden-party "Court" held by King Edward VIII. in 1936, when the Court was still in mourning for King George V.

**H.**R.H. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT made his debut as a page at the marriage of Major David Butter to Miss Myra Wernher at St. Margaret's, Westminster, wearing a white silk shirt and a Royal Stewart tartan kilt. His sister, Princess Alexandra of Kent, was a bridesmaid with the Hon. Diana Herbert.

**ROYAL PAGE** The two little girls wore enchanting shell-pink tulle picture-frocks with head-dresses of mixed pink flowers and carried posies to match. The bride looked radiant in a really lovely dress of shell-pink tulle embossed with silver, with which she wore a long tulle veil.

H.M. Queen Mary, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and the Earl of Athlone, came to the wedding and on to the reception at the Dorchester, where Lady Zia Wernher received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Butter. Lady Zia looked nice in a dress of midnight-blue satin and a hat to match. Princess Andrew of Greece, her son Prince Philip, Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady

Patricia Ramsay, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, her son, Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, accompanied by Viscountess Mountbatten, who wore a fascinating hat trimmed with paradise plumes; were among the guests. The young Marquess of Milford Haven was one of the ushers and in naval uniform; his mother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven (who is Lady Zia's sister), came with her only daughter, who has the attractive name of Tatiana. Sir Derek Wernher, just back from the U.S., brought his daughter Alexandra. The bride's sister, Mrs. Harold Phillips, was at the church with her husband, and at the reception had her baby daughter Sandra, who behaved beautifully. Sandra is staying with her grandparents at their home at Market Harborough while her parents are visiting South America this winter.

**L**ORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and among others who were there to wish them happiness were the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Lord and Lady Herbert, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Lady Airlie with her daughter Lady Margaret Tennant, who was a bride this year; Lady Margaret Egerton, in black, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, the Earl and Countess of Cathcart, Capt. Ian Calvocoressi, who was best man; Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, and Lady Dunbar-Nasmith with her debutante daughter Evelyn. The bride looked sweet in a coat and dress of blue, with a halo hat to match, when they left for their honeymoon, which is being spent motoring down to Monte Carlo. The young couple had a tremendous send-off, being piped away from the Dorchester, as they had been from the church, by pipers of the Scots Guards.

**OTHER GUESTS** The house was sold out weeks before, and among the music-lovers I saw in the audience was Mary, Countess Howe, looking beautiful and wearing a lovely diamond necklace with her evening dress. She was in a box with Mr. Vivien Cornelius. Lady Cunard had a party of four in the stalls. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, wearing a short chinchilla jacket over her evening dress, was also in the stalls. Robert Helpmann, having a night off from the Ballet, was another I saw.

**T**HE Sadler's Wells Ballet got a great ovation when they opened their season at Covent Garden last month with that beautiful ballet *Coppelia*. Margot Fonteyn danced Swanhilda to perfection, and was a real joy to watch. The orchestra, conducted by Constant Lambert, played superbly, and he was given a great reception when he went on the stage at the end of the performance. Among the many lovers of ballet in the audience, I met Lady Eric

Palmer, looking charming in red. A real enthusiast, she had dashed up from Berkshire after a meeting, arriving in London less than an hour before the curtain went up, but had managed to change and arrive in time, and told me she had to return to the country that night. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell were two early arrivals, and so was the Hon. Eveleigh Leith (who is hon. secretary of the Ballet Benevolent Fund). Mme. Adeline Genée was in a party with the Danish Minister and Countess Reventlow and Sir Kenneth Barnes. Miss Matilda Etches was in a box, too, with Capt. Page-Blair and Mrs. James Fairbairn, who is the widow of the late Minister for Air in the Australian Government.

**A** FEW nights later H.M. Queen Mary, wearing a red brocade evening coat over her dress, a diamond tiara and lovely jewels, was at Covent Garden, accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Viscount Lascelles in the Royal Box, for the first performance of *Gigli* in *La Bohème*. This was the famous tenor's first appearance in this country for seven years, and he sang superbly. It was interesting to see his attractive daughter Rina also on the stage in the role of Mimi.

**QUEEN MARY AT OPERA** The house was sold out weeks before, and among the music-lovers I saw in the audience was Mary, Countess Howe, looking beautiful and wearing a lovely diamond necklace with her evening dress. She was in a box with Mr. Vivien Cornelius. Lady Cunard had a party of four in the stalls. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, wearing a short chinchilla jacket over her evening dress, was also in the stalls. Robert Helpmann, having a night off from the Ballet, was another I saw.

**A** CHARMING custom of Edwardian days, a girls' fork luncheon-party, was revived recently by Mrs. Baillie of Manderston for her elder daughter Lorna. This very successful party, which was held in the smaller ballroom at Claridge's, showed clearly from the buzz of conversation and gay ripples of laughter that the presence of young





### Lady Gilmour and Her Son John

Lady Gilmour is the wife of Sir John Gilmour, Bt., and the daughter of Mr. Frank Oliver Wills, of the Manor House, Abbots Leigh, near Bristol. She has one two-year-old son, John, and is seen at her husband's Scottish home Montrave, Leven, Fifeshire



Yeovnde

### Mrs. Michael Maude

Mrs. Michael Maude is the wife of Mr. Michael Maude, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who is at present with the British Embassy in Brussels. Mrs. Maude is the second daughter of Mrs. Derik Saville and of the late Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P.



The Marchioness of Lothian is the wife of the twelfth Marquess, who succeeded in 1940 and is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Foster Reuss Newland, K.C.M.G., C.B. She has a fifteen-month-old son, the Earl of Ancrum, and a daughter, Lady Mary Kerr, who is a year older

men is certainly not always necessary to make a party go.

Mrs. Baillie hopes to give a small dance later on at their lovely home, Manderston, in Berwickshire, when her younger girl will be home for the holidays from Downham.

The hostess had her three cousins, Lady Basing, the Hon. Mrs. Peek and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Bell, to help her entertain the young girls, many of whom had served in the F.A.N.Y. with her daughter.

Miss Lorna Bailey looked very attractive in dark blue, and was a charming hostess introducing and looking after her friends, among whom I saw Miss Ann Balfour and pretty Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson, receiving many congratulations on her recently-announced engagement to Major Eric Penn, of the Grenadier Guards, whose uncle is Private Secretary to H.M. the Queen. Mrs. George Retallack, very smart in black with a blue halo hat, was in a group with Lady Basing's three daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Bailward and the Hon. Barbara and the Hon. Gay Slater-Booth. Mrs. Bailward, who was married in August, is hoping, as soon as she can get a passage, to join her husband, out East. Others there included Lady Inchiquin's tall, slim, younger daughter the Hon. Grania O'Brien, Miss Betty Gregson-Ellis, Lady Betty Shirley, Miss Mary Drax, very smart in oatmeal and red, and a bevy of pretty girls and young-marrieds.

INVITATIONS were sent out in the name of Le Délégué de la Cinématographie Française et Mme. Jean Huet for a cocktail-party in honour of M. et Mme. Aumont. This proved to be one of those small and informal parties where everyone made friends

### FRENCH FILM PARTY

and the buzz of conversation soared. Many of the stars present were recounting their personal hair-raising experiences of getting through the crowd for the premiere of *A Matter of Life and Death* the previous week.

M. Aumont is better known as Jean Pierre Aumont, the French film-star, and his wife as Maria Montez. They were just finishing a two-months' vacation in Europe, where Maria Montez had indulged in the latest Paris fashions, some of which she was wearing at the party. By now they will be back at work in Hollywood. Dorothy Malone, a charming, pretty and very unspoilt newcomer to films, was chatting to Mr. Dorsay Fisher, who had just come on from the Tower of London, where he had attended the presentation of a medal to "G.I. Joe," the American carrier-pigeon who had saved many lives during the war.

Reginald Gardiner came to the party accompanied by his lovely Russian-born wife, and was chatting to the hostess, who looked charming in black.

MRS. EDWARDS has worked tirelessly to raise the £20,000 appeal she launched to build the Edith Edwards' Children's Home for Tuberculosis in the grounds of Papworth Village Settlement, where they will be able to have the best medical care at the

### EDITH EDWARDS' CHILDREN'S HOME

same time as a good education, combining the benefits of school and home life. At a recent matinee, given in aid of this appeal at the Whitehall Theatre, of that amusing play *Worm's Eye View*, Mrs. Edwards was able to announce in one of the intervals that the matinee had raised nearly £500 and that she now needed only another £1500 to reach her target.

Mrs. Edwards has already chosen the site for the home, and as soon as the £20,000 is reached she hopes that H.R.H. Princess Royal, who is Patron of the fund, will lay the foundation-stone for the new building. The next effort for the fund is to be a bridge-supper-dansant, with an excellent cabaret on December 2nd at Grosvenor House, when it is hoped a big sum will be raised towards the £1500 needed to reach the target. Mrs. Washington Singer is chairman of the bridge-room, so even if you don't want to dance you can go and enjoy a very pleasant evening's bridge in aid of this very good cause.

LADY WALERAN organised a most successful Guy Fawkes Ball on "The Fifth" in aid of the Ivory Cross Fund. During the evening she was able to make the very satisfactory announcement that the ball this year had made over £250 more than last

### GUY FAWKES BALL

year. Chrysanthemums decorated the supper-tables and were massed around the band. The Duchess of Grafton, who was president of the ball, had a large party, and others who had parties were Mrs. Peter Cheyney, Mrs. Emsley Carr and Lady Anne Rhys, looking pretty in black lace. Viscountess Vaughan, in peach satin heavily embroidered in gold sequins which suited her dark loveliness, had a party of four. Tall Mrs. Beatrice Girouard, in blue, was among the dancers. Rose Marchioness of Headfort, in red with one of her favourite headbands, was sitting chatting to friends. Jack Warner introduced an excellent cabaret and Arthur Riscoe made a spectacular entrance with a background of flares as Guy Fawkes.

I HAVE just read a most interesting booklet sent me by the R.A.F. Comforts Committee who did such a fine job during the war from their headquarters at 42, Berkeley Square. Now they have closed down, and this booklet surveys the efforts of the voluntary helpers and the comfort they extended to the R.A.F.

### FAREWELL BERKELEY SQUARE



Bertram Park

Miss Anne Winn is the younger daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn, of Wilton Place, S.W.1. Her father is a younger brother of Lord St. Oswald and is a Major in the Grenadier Guards. Her mother is American-born and comes from Virginia



The Hon. Mrs. Archer Clive is the wife of Brig. Archer Clive, D.S.O., M.C., Grenadier Guards, who has recently returned from South Africa, where he was head of the British Military Mission. Mrs. Archer Clive is the only daughter of Viscount Portman who succeeded his brother recently





## For the Chelsea Arts Ball

Very different in nature from the Roosevelt statue, but equally meant for the public eye, is the work going on in the studios of a British sculptor and a painter for the first post-war Chelsea Arts Ball, to be held in the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The eagle centrepiece of the Renaissance setting is being made by Mr. Frank Dobson, A.R.A., of whom a portrait study is seen on the right. Above is the model for the Arts Ball which, when completed, will be 31 ft. high with plinth, and constructed on a wooden frame



Photographs by F. J. Goodman



## Interpreter of the Renaissance

A. R. Thomson, R.A. (left), is the designer of the setting for the Arts Ball, part of the sketch for which is seen below. In its final form it will be 90 ft. long and 60 ft. high, and the enlargement will be carried out by Alexandre Bilibin, the Russian film scenic artist. Mr. Thomson, who was elected an R.A. last year, is official artist to the R.A.F.







Sir William Reid Dick with his sketch model of the Roosevelt Statue

Baron

## "The Tatler" goes ROUND THE STUDIOS

The reproach that painting and sculpture are becoming too far removed from public affairs is of lessening weight nowadays, and with the growing movement towards beautifying the amenities of town as well as country it is likely that our sculptors and artists will find themselves busily occupied.

Symptomatic of this trend is the proposal to lay out Grosvenor Square, home of the United States Embassy and an important wartime headquarters of the U.S. Army, as a memorial to the late President Roosevelt. The project is being handled by The Pilgrims, a society dedicated to the promotion of friendship between Britain and the U.S.A., of which the Earl of Derby is president and Viscount Greenwood chairman. The Duke of Westminster

has made available the Square gardens to the nation for the purpose, and it is proposed to raise £40,000 by public contributions in Britain.

The central feature of the Square will be a bronze statue of President Roosevelt by Sir William Reid Dick, R.A., who has been King's Sculptor-in-Ordinary for Scotland since 1938, and whose best-known works include the Kitchener Memorial in St. Paul's, the Lion on the Menin Gate at Ypres, the eagle surmounting the R.A.F. memorial on the Embankment, and the monument to King George V. which is to be erected in Abingdon Street. The statue of the President will be 10 ft. high, and will take about six months to cast after the final, full-size model has been made.





Col. Frank Boylan and Col. G. Brooke during the trials. Castletown is the home of Lord and Lady Carew



Retriever Trials at Castletown, Co. Kildare

Mr. R. Willington, from Northern Ireland, brought Linda of Finea and Artistic Lady. The trials were held by the South of Ireland Gun-Dog Club



Fennell, Dublin

Sir John Maffey, British Representative in Eire, with Lady Sylvia Carew, wife of Lord William Carew

MICHAEL KILLANIN

## An Irish Commentary

LAST week brought me to Dublin to open an exhibition of painting by Grace Henry (Mrs. Paul Henry) at the Dawson Gallery. For me this was a great occasion, for looking through some old letters written nearly forty years ago, I found one from Stephen Gwynn asking my uncle to look at her pictures. A few years ago I received a similar letter. Now I feel I have completed the circle by opening her show.

Scottish by birth, international in outlook, and Irish by adoption and domicile, Grace Henry is a very virile painter—and all the more so for that she would be the last to suggest that she was very young. When I first saw her pictures, which are, incidentally, in most modern galleries, including the Luxembourg, it was hard at first to believe that that frail lady could use such forceful colours and such a firm brush. Her present work varies from realistic landscape to more ethereal subjects at times reminiscent, to me, of George Russell ("Æ"). During the past year she has been living in the west and spent the summer painting in and around Galway.

It is perhaps a treat for any visitor to Dublin to be able to see exhibitions of two artists of repute well beyond our own shores, for Jack Yeats also has a one-man show. When I saw his collection, my regrets were even greater that he had not sent any works over to the London show which I mentioned a fortnight ago.

Yeats's pictures in his most recent exhibition can be divided into four categories—large and small, realist and impressionist. My own preference is for the more realist pictures, such as "The Donkey Show," rather than for the colourful impression created by "The Dark Bathe." His textures vary from the delicate wash in his picture aptly called "Clear Water," to the laboured, thick paint of the "River Mouth," almost entirely painted in heavy blues.

In the first week all his twenty-three pictures were sold for prices varying from £300 to £60, and totalling in all £3200, which gives some idea of the amount of money being spent over here at present on modern art.

JOHN FORD writes to me to say he hopes to come to see us in Ireland next year. Ford comes from Connacht—from the village of Spiddal, twelve miles west of Galway city. Just before the turn of the century Ford's father went to Portland, Maine, to seek his fortune. There he became a successful publican until his retirement. His name was Feeney. In the early days of films Jack Ford went off to Hollywood, California, and in Hollywood he still lives, though most of the film people went further out along the coast.

Some years ago I stayed with him in his little house with his wife and two children. In those days I was on a London daily paper, and the quiet Catholic family life of the Fords' home was the most pleasant surprise that I received during my stay amid the alleged glamour of the capital of film-land.

Ford is a master-director who manages to capture an Irish atmosphere even amid the sunshine of the West Coast. Do you remember his version of Liam O'Flaherty's *The Informer*?

During World Wars One and Two he was in the United States Navy, ending up with the rank of captain. He was responsible for the shots of the Midway Island battle, when he was wounded, and also for the official naval film of the U.S. sector of the invasion of the Continent.

Now he is back filming again, and his trip to Ireland is to make a picture of a short story by Maurice Walsh called *The Quiet Man*. It is about an Irishman who returned home, having been a prize-fighter. All he wants is quietness, but he does not really get it. The story is in a collection called *Green Rushes*, which tells of

the adventures of various characters in an I.R.A. flying column. With him he will bring, it is hoped, Maureen O'Hara (who is on holiday in her native Dublin now), Victor MacLaglen and John Wayne.

Bearded Maurice Walsh is a former Customs and Excise official who spent much of his time in Scotland, hence the historical Scottish romances which this Irishman has made so popular.

Walsh has recently, with his friend the poet Seumas O'Sullivan, been preparing and reviving the P.E.N. Club which, like so many learned societies and institutions, had been fairly quiet during the war years. Seumas O'Sullivan has a new book coming out from the Talbot Press before Christmas.

WHEN I was in London I noticed Michael MacLiamor's theatrical autobiography *All for Hecuba* much in evidence. It has been greatly discussed over here, both by those who have been included in its pages as well as those who have been omitted!

MacLiamor is as versatile an artist as can be found. He is actor, author, playwright and painter. He made his first appearance on the stage as King Goldfish in *The Goldfish* at London's Little Theatre back in 1911 under Lila Field. His autobiography is most entertaining and amusing, and he rattles away about all his adventures on the stage in Ireland and England and on the Continent. Born in Cork, he studied art at the Slade, practising as a painter between 1921-27, and last year he appeared as the house-boy in his own play about fairies called *Ill Met by Moonlight*, which may soon, I hope, be seen in London. As I write he is appearing in Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest*, having spent some months in his own revue *And Pastures New*.

MacLiamor (Wilmore in English) is a fluent Irish scholar and has acted in Irish.



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the Royal Society and whisper "Who was that veiled lady I saw you with last night?" and you'll see something. In the 1660's, when the Royal Society was founded, the boys could reply carelessly: "'Tis Merry Moll, the Orange-Wench from Covent-Garden, an impudent Trollop that hath a Plaguey Zest for Chymistry," which was good enough. Today there is little merriment in scientific circles, or indeed any other.

May there be no mistake this time, and may the first trip to the Moon bring abounding happiness to everybody, is our earnest wish.

### Chum

THERE are thinkers in Africa who believe that by eating their aged relatives they acquire all their virtues, so it may be that those whale-meat steaks shortly to figure on the national menu may give the Race something it lacks.

The outstanding virtue of a whale, as you possibly know, is complete poise amid social ostracism. The whale notoriously suffers from a disability which its best friends don't care to mention to it. Nobody dances with a whale more than once, for the same reason. Like the poor trembling girl in the tooth-paste ads, it is shunned by those who would otherwise admire and even love it. Yet the whale neither mopes nor weeps nor gives a hoot for the ad. boys, but splurges round with the same bland, determined look in its little eye, which incidentally resembles a bullock's. We could do with a bit more of this stoicism in a ridiculously ad-ridden society.

Another of the whale's virtues—incommunicable, alas—is that after death its head can be used for many commercial purposes, which cannot be said of 75 per cent. of the heads of those who guide and goad us daily in print, only the small, perfectly rounded Nordic type being suitable for utility doorknobs. Maybe

when we eat a lot of whale we shan't worry over this, but it looms an immense problem in the gray small hours, believe you us.

### Arcadians

DELIUS was the last composer of eminence, unless we err, to exploit the murky sex-life of the Hick Belt (in *A Village Romeo and Juliet*). A citizen crying for more native rural opera didn't seem to have heard of this one, though, oddly enough, he mentioned that Dickens once wrote the libretto for an opera by Hullah called *The Village Coquettes*, which was a flop.

As the Hick Belt derives its manners and morals nowadays from Hollywood, like everybody else, there doesn't seem much scope for any more original operatic work. Even as late as Dickens's day the squires played up fairly conscientiously as regards the local coquettes. "Nay, I must fondly sip a kiss from yon sweet cherry lip!" was the initial formula. Not long afterwards you could hardly visit a coppice, wood, or thicket in the neighbourhood without finding a deserted coquette in it, quite mad and singing loudly. And what we've often wondered is how Civil Servants like the Woods and Forests boys got on with their work. Surveying, felling and so on, surely had to continue then as now? Probably the boys entered everything soberly in their weekly reports and carried on. "Met Balmy Prue, 9.15. Soprano, weak in upper register, grudge against Squire Harkaway; also Nuthouse Nell, contralto, and Loopy Lilian, mezzo, same complaint. Warned all three coquettes about further damage to Crown property. Timber surveyed," etc., etc.

You may think this unimportant in opera. We say it is just this contact with the Realities of the Soil which would make rural opera bearable, or, better still, impossible.



FRANK PINCH

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"YOUR husband says that when he is angry he always counts up to ten before he speaks," remarked one woman to another.

"Yes," sighed the other, "I do wish he'd stop it. Ever since this Government came in our home seems nothing but a class in arithmetic."

"GET me some ballet dancers," ordered Gregory Ratoff, the film director, after a frustrated morning shooting *Woman of Desire*.

"Ballet dancers?" protested his puzzled assistant. "The script doesn't call for any ballet dancers."

"I know," roared Ratoff, "but I want someone on their toes around here."

AN old lady went into a village post office every day from Monday to Friday and bought a sixpenny savings stamp. On the Saturday morning she appeared again, tendered the book with the five stamps in and asked for them to be cashed. The girl behind the counter took the stamps and handed over half-a-crown.

The old lady, however, did not go away, but just stood waiting.

"Is there anything else, madam?" asked the girl.

"Yes!" came the reply. "Don't I get any interest?"

WHILE in New York, Gene Fowler, the writer, had his wallet stolen in the subway. The following morning he received a letter reading:

"Sir, I stoal your munny. Remauss is noring me, so I send sum of it back to you. Wen it nore again I will send sum more."

AS the train emerged from the tunnel the girl said: "Oh, Herbert, you shouldn't have kissed me like that, with all those people around, even if it was dark."

"I didn't kiss you," retorted Herbert, looking angrily round the compartment. "I only wish I knew who did—I'd teach him!"

"Herbert," sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach him anything!"

THE amateur gardener, who loved to experiment with plants, sat locked in his room. He refused to take any food all day, and his wife finally insisted on being allowed into the room.

"You must tell me what's worrying you," she said firmly. "You've been brooding here all day, and I must know what's wrong."

The gardener sighed heavily.

"It's just that one of my pet experiments didn't turn out the way I expected. Remember the time I mixed a potato with an onion?"

"Yes, yes," coaxed the anxious wife. "What happened?"

"No good," murmured the gardener, sinking his head on to his hands. "All I got was a potato with watery eyes."

THE well-known film actor Charles Coburn tells this story:

"As a boy I fell in love with the theatre and started seeing plays whenever possible. 'One thing, son, you must never do,' my father warned me, 'Don't go to burlesque houses.' I, of course, asked why.

"'Because you would see things you shouldn't,' Father replied.

"That settled it. The next time I managed to get the price of admission, I went straight to a burlesque house.

"Father was right. I saw something I shouldn't have seen—my father."



Edward Mandinjan

## "Doctor Coppelius"

Robert Helpmann repeats one of his most successful characterisations, as the old doll-maker, Dr. Coppelius, in this new production of the ballet at Covent Garden. The story is that of a doctor who has constructed a beautiful mechanical doll called Coppelia. The doll causes trouble between the lovers, Franz and Swanhilda, as Franz thinks Coppelia is a woman, but later Swanhilda poses as the doll and Dr. Coppelius delightedly thinks that he has managed to bring Coppelia to life. His fury has no bounds when he discovers that he has been tricked. Robert Helpmann first appeared in this role in 1943 at Sadler's Wells. As in the original production, Swanhilda is danced by Margot Fonteyn and Franz by Alexis Rassine.



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# BOOKS

## REVIEWED

### BY

## ELIZABETH

## BOWEN

"European Witness" "The Stormy Dawn"

"Uneasy Terms" "Junior Film Annual"

FOR most of us, Germany is a nightmare subject. Instinctively the mind bends back from the picture of devastation, from the unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions of this defeat. We do not like the odours from the abyss. Germany had it coming to her: well, it has come now. I suppose it would have been impossible, three or four years ago, halfway through the war, to envisage our present state of mind—a state of mind so complex that it is, even, difficult to define now. To cap everything, however sedulously we may try to inform ourselves, read, ask questions, it seems almost impossible to get at the psychological facts.

Theories conflict, and we are sick by now of generalisations. If we accept, as it is tempting to do, that Germany is a diseased country, that ever since her emergence as a country she has been in some way malformed, we should still want to know what the disease is and in what the malformation consists. If we believe, however reluctantly, that the Germans have their share of the human norm, we should like to have evidence—even the smallest instances—as to how that norm works.

I may be wrong in attributing to other people my own almost total ignorance. I speak as one who has never at any time known Germany well, and who, having grown up during the First World War, feel a bias against her deep in my character. I do not, however, think it too much to say that relations between all British and German people in the decades between the two World Wars were, for the most part, self-conscious and unnatural. Everyone who, in those years of so-called peace, talked about Germany—their German travels or sojourns, their German friends, their admiration or dislike for German methods and manners—always seemed to me anxious to prove or demonstrate something. Spontaneous impressions, in my time, have been few.

Spontaneity is one—and to me the most striking—of the virtues of Stephen Spender's *European Witness* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). In the summer and autumn of 1945 Mr. Spender was sent on a mission to find out what was left of German intellectual life. On his second visit he was, also, dealing with the question of German libraries—their reopening and their purgation of Nazi books.

FRANCE, also, comes into the scope of *European Witness*. The book is divided into three parts—"Rhineland Journey" (July and August 1945), "French Interlude" (May, August and October 1945), and "Journeys Through the British Zone" (September and October 1945). The title is, I think, well-chosen: Stephen Spender is by now an international figure; he is, and writes as, a European man, equipped with not only knowledge but understanding of many countries. He is unhampered by insularity.

As a poet, he is the perfect receiving station: he has kept his susceptibility to impressions unspoiled and true. As against this—healthily against this—a sort of wariness or contrariety in his nature, a tendency to react strongly against anything that he feels strongly, makes him not easily gulled. He censors and examines his own

impressions with a shrewdness of which the ordinary man, or non-poet, probably is not capable. As, in this book, the impressions relate to Germany, his shrewdness is valuable to us. He is—here comes in the second word of the title—a good witness: to the point, unfuzzy, literal, putting on record nothing that he did not, on one plane or another, see.

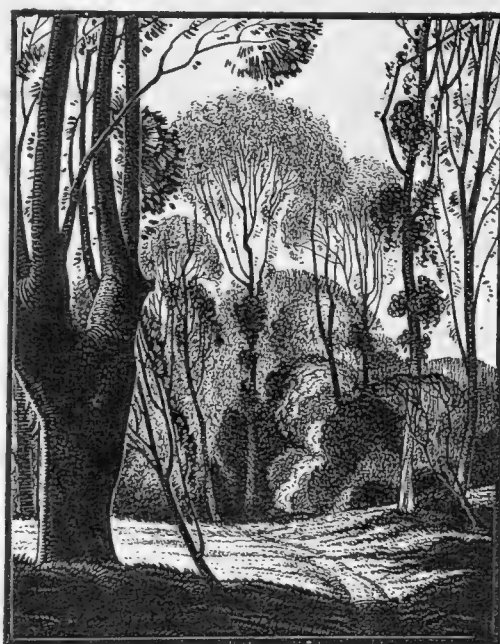
*European Witness*, its author tells us, "is a Travel Book of a conventional kind." This is true, and again a merit. The narrative follows Mr. Spender's movements from place to place and relates his adventures along the road. There are conversations of all kinds, contretemps and bizarre interludes. The writing, especially in the descriptive passages, is of an illuminated clearness—the reader sees, smells, feels, hears all the way. Mr. Spender did know Germany, very well, between the two wars: from his own mind, as he moves through ruined cities and confronts dazed people, there is never absent the contrast between the "then" and the "now." At the same time, this particular landscape of ruin and defeat through which he is travelling is to him a new, as it is a terrible, country. This is a psychological landscape through which he makes his journey; its features were thrown up by a cataclysm.

ONE of the most under-the-skin chapters in *European Witness* is called "Nausea." It opens—

A few days later I experienced a sensation which is as difficult to describe as a strong taste or a disagreeable smell or a violent action, because, although it was a mental condition, its effects were so physical. It is worth endeavouring to describe, however, because, although I may have felt this rather more acutely than others, I believe that the condition is a mental one which is partly the result of the Occupation, and from which many people in the Occupying Armies suffer. Other people would probably explain the horror—the longing to get away at all costs—which affects the majority of the members of the forces occupying Germany as a result of the ruined surroundings, the lack of entertainment and the generally depressing atmosphere. But I think that subtler and deeper than this is a sense of hopelessness which is bred of the relationship of Occupiers and Occupied.

Of this relationship Mr. Spender remarks, further on, that, apart from principles of administration and policy—and, indeed, he says, often guiding them—there is the question of behaviour which arises in practice when the Occupiers meet the Germans. Here, it seems to him, a preconceived attitude towards all Germans is to a certain extent dwarfed by two other overwhelming considerations.

One is that Germany has involved herself in a general fate, a general retribution, and nothing can spare the individual German from this, whether or no he feels himself guilty. The other is that the individual German is an individual human being, and although he has to suffer the general fate of Germany he is not exactly the same as all other Germans. He is either less responsible or else more responsible than others for what has happened; he has to evolve his own attitude towards events



### In Worcestershire

The Severn Valley in Worcestershire is the subject of *The Eloquent Silence*, by W. P. Hodgkinson (English Universities Press; 10s. 6d.), a book in which the recollections of country pleasures jostle with present happenings. The whole is illuminated—a verb doubly just since the spirit is almost that of the devotional skill which makes the monastic folios so entrancing—by the hand of a very fine artist, the author himself. Examples of his work in pen and scraper-board are reproduced here.

Mr. Hodgkinson is not of that lost company who are often heard to remark, "I must do a bit of writing myself some day," in condescending tones. He has taken immense pains to master a craft other than his own, and his descriptions of people, work, wild life, flowers and gentle adventures flow with a smooth and often sunlit ease. From his own particular corner of the rural scene he has conjured a very individual interest, and to read, for example, his description of how he made himself a canoe is to enter with unusual fullness into the things which make country life so satisfying. A book, in short, to tug one's mind insistently away from workaday cares.

J. M.



which have made him suffer, and to treat him in exactly the same way as one treats all other Germans is to do an injustice to his moral nature which is not excused by the fact that many Germans (of whom he may not be one) have outraged the moral nature of other peoples.

We have, in this book, a series of individual portraits—some detailed, others lightly touched in. There is the sick boy Rudi Bach and there is the student Aulach. We meet a mayor, a writer, clerics, professors, librarians; there are conversations with several German women—from disgruntled and self-pitying housewives to cultivated, and complicated, types. Visual pictures—the tree outside the professor's window, the walk back from a party on a wet summer evening through a scabrous bombed town—haunt one like symbols.

It would be wrong to give the impression that this is altogether a sombre book: some of the chapters and incidents are ruthlessly and exquisitely funny. I must commend, with caution, "An Officers' Mess." Not less excellent are the passages about Mr. Spender's driver—indeed, he devotes a share of his attention to the Occupiers as well as the Occupied. He did not seek for the key to the German state only in meetings and conversations, but read widely—making a special study of fiction associated with the Nazi movement. His analysis of Goebbels' novel, *Michael*, is fascinating: he diagnoses its influence—at once hysterical and nihilistic—on a generation of German youth.

The book is full of passages I should like to quote and observations on which I should like to comment—such as the nauseous cult of sentimentality and pretty-pretty in Nazi Germany. . . . I have, I find, even so, extruded the French, middle portion of *European Witness* from my review. This French part shows the distinctive quality of the two others, and has the same penetrating attitude towards people. Inevitably its content is less striking, as we have lately heard—and have probably always known—more about France than about Germany.

"THE STORMY DAWN," by Mark Freshfield (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), is a novel, but tells a story which must in the main be true. It is the story of Folu Bibuna, youthful West African, a bright boy keenly anxious to get on in the world. Son of a fisherman, grandson (on the maternal side) of a prosperous medicine man of the inland country, Folu, with his bright, black eyes and his taking smile, is from the outset candidly on the make. He has the most dangerous kind of intelligence—quick, but showy and shallow. In this, he contrasts with his elder brother, Dinkura, who is inarticulate, retiring and slow, but who is to prove in the long run to have not only enduring qualities, but the makings of the best kind of enlightened West African man.

Folu is attracted by Europeanism, and by everything of the twentieth century that comes his way. At the same time, the old dark, timeless superstitions of his race, and the magical practices of his grandfather (with whom he goes to live after his father's death), work strongly within him. By the end, his life—pulled this



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Beryl Sleigh, the Singer

Beryl Sleigh, the blind mezzo-contralto, will give a concert at the Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury, on November 25th under the auspices of the International Arts Club. During the war she served with the A.T.S. (F.A.N.Y.) and was totally blinded while on duty during a raid. Before the war she studied singing in this country and in Italy, and appeared in several West End shows, among which was the original production of Emlyn Williams's *Spring 1900* and *The Lily Maid*. However, her ambition was to sing in opera, and she was down for the first vacancy at Sadler's Wells before her injury.

Since then she has continued her studies at the Royal College of Music and with the well-known Russian singer Oda Slobodskaya. She has sung at several concerts arranged by Mr. Harold Fielding and at others all over the country in connection with St. Dunstan's, while she specially enjoyed singing in the B.B.C. "Merry-Go-Round" programme some months ago. Her repertoire ranges from opera, lieder and operetta to negro spirituals.

Miss Sleigh, who was born in Buckinghamshire, lived in Oxford before the war and was educated there. Now, with her only sister, she lives near Kensington Gardens.

way, that way by conflicting ambitions and desires—is a sad mess.

Mr. Freshfield's attitude to his young hero is attractive—humorous and clear-sighted. We first meet Folu at an exceedingly primitive village school—fees, sixpence per week per boy—in which "Teacher Tufio's threadbare pink shirt stuck to his back. His glistening black face and neck were streaked with grey where he had mopped his sweat with the chalk duster." We have vivid pictures of Folu's and Dinkura's home life, their West African surroundings, their young mother, their canny grandfather with his altars and "cures" of witches. Later, we follow our bright boy to a succession of mission and other schools: here we have excellent comedy, such as the vogue for *Eric or Little by Little*. Folu's career in London is drab enough. *The Stormy Dawn*, though brief and unostentatiously written, is an excellent novel: it invites thought.

"UNEASY TERMS" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is the new, and a highly enjoyable, Peter Cheyney, featuring our friend Slim Callaghan, private dick. Featuring also three lovely sisters, Viola, Corinne and Patricia Alardyse, who, like a trio of enchained princesses, live in somewhat cryptic obscurity at Dark Spinney, a country house on the Sussex Downs.

"If," Mr. Cheyney remarks at one point, "good-looking women formed the basis of most of Callaghan's cases, it was because things happened to beautiful women. Things didn't happen to women with faces like the back of a cab and legs like drain pipes." Cheyney fans, now numbered by hundreds of thousands, may, as we know, depend on never being afflicted by cab-faced types. Nor, though the time of the story is 1945, do the Alardyse girls lack a range of glamorous clothing, shoes, scent, petrol and chocolates. (Forgive the envious bitterness of one feminine reader.)

Mr. Cheyney is to be congratulated on creating this complete world of romance and excitement—of clubs and dives and toughs and lovelies and sauntering idylls and desperate drives through the dark. In *Uneasy Terms* the enjoyable tension never slackens. We have also one excellent, sloshing fight.

"JUNIOR FILM ANNUAL, 1946-1947" (Sam-son Low; 12s. 6d.), is edited by Eric Gillett, B.B.C. Children's Hour Film Critic, and has a Foreword by Derek McCulloch—"Uncle Mac" of the B.B.C. The idea of this annual seems to me as admirable as its carrying out. Here we have outline stories of and pictures from twenty-two new films, all of the top order. Of these, ten were made in Great Britain, seven in U.S.A., two in Russia, and one each in Australia, Switzerland and France. All would appear to be the last word in production and ideal fun from the juvenile point of view. Some have, even, not yet been released. If children do not revel in this book I shall be surprised. They will have the pleasure of feeling thoroughly up-to-date; and, also, should be helped further along their way to becoming discriminating cinema-goers.





# GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Bevan — Connolly**

Major G. A. J. Bevan, Welsh Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bevan, late of 10, Walton Street, S.W., married Miss Nancy Frances Connolly, daughter of Sir James and Lady Connolly, of 26, Kensington Gardens, W.8, at Brompton Oratory



**Acherson — Orde**

Mr. Vincent William Acherson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Acherson, of 1, Malone Hill Park, Belfast, married Miss Meriel Fortune Orde, elder daughter of Sir Charles Orde, K.C.M.G., and Lady Orde, of Nunnykirk, Morpeth, Northumberland, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



**Sandford — Tyre**

Captain John Stevenson Sandford, R.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sandford, of Shawford, Winchester, married Miss Shona Constance Tyre, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Tyre, of Keston, Kent, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Hird — Watson**

Major J. Grenfell Hird, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Hird, of Glasgow, married Miss Elizabeth Patricia Watson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Watson, of Dinas Powis, Glamorganshire, at St. Andrew's Church, Dinas Powis



**Millar — Heath**

Mr. Ian Robin Rowat Millar, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Millar, of Landale, Troon, Ayrshire, married Miss Elizabeth Heath, daughter of the late Captain Robert Heath and of Lady Marjorie Heath, of Clanville Lodge, Andover, Hants, at St. Peter's, Vere Street



**Holbeck — Palethorpe**

Mr. John Ronald Christopher Holbeck, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. A. Holbeck, of Farnborough Hall, near Banbury, married Miss Jean Suzanne Palethorpe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Palethorpe, of Stone Manor, Worcestershire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Lumley-Ellis — Bliss**

Mr. Esmond P. Lumley-Ellis, younger son of the late Mr. P. Lumley-Ellis, and of Mrs. Lumley-Ellis, of Littleington, near Alfriston, married Miss Alice Rosemary Bliss, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bliss, of the Retreat, Worpleston Hill, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Worpleston



**Bethell — Woosnam**

Major D. A. D. J. Bethell, R.A., eldest son of the late Mr. D. L. Bethell, and of Mrs. Bethell, of the Beach, Walmer, Kent, married Miss Pamela Woosnam, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ralph Woosnam, of Builth, Breconshire, at St. Mary's Church, Builth



**Uppfill-Brown — Harle**

Mr. Anthony Uppfill-Brown, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. W. Uppfill-Brown, of Pasturehill, Haywards Heath, married Miss Jennifer Harle, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Harle, of Uplands, Harrow-on-the-Hill, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



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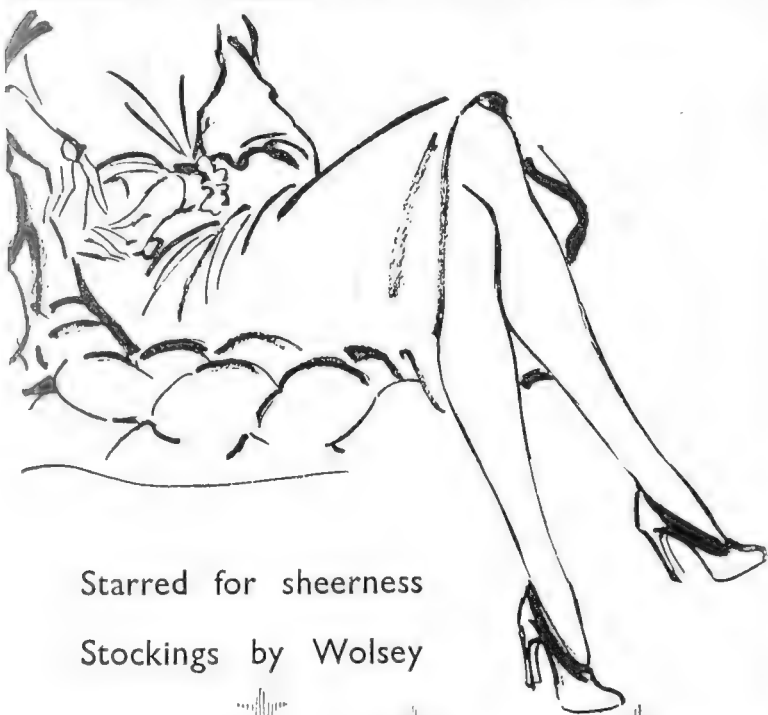
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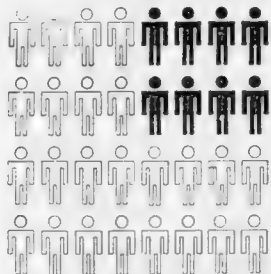
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10A

## Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

ONE of the most interesting and intelligent little wild creatures, when tamed; a fuzzy ball of spitting fury in its wild state; that pretty well sums up the mongoose, common in Africa and India. In the picture, taken at a mongoose farm near Mount Kenya, East Africa, is a tame grey mongoose which lives in the hut and guards the place like any dog.

The old farmer is quite a character too. At one time he lived in Arab villages on the shores of the Red Sea where he built ships, carried arms for various Arab tribes and dabbled in various undertakings common to the adventurous days of the nineteenth century. He also found time to write twenty-five books about Arabs, their life and activities. Now he is retired and just breeds and catches mongooses by the score which he sells to all the zoos of the world.

For this purpose he has invented various types of traps which he sets on the banks of the little river which runs through his estate.

A mongoose never hesitates to attack a snake, its natural enemy. When excited, its long harsh fur bristles and by its agility and quickness of eye it can avoid being bitten. Even if the snake could get in a quick nip, he can't get through the thick hair. When a mongoose sights a snake, his whole nature changes: fur stands on end and he becomes the incarnation of intense rage.

The snake generally tries to escape when confronted by this fury, but inevitably has to turn and fight it out—and generally loses. It is quite common



*A Cat-and-Dog Life is nothing to a mongoose-and-snake life. This farmer's pet makes an excellent household guard against sinuous intruders*

for people in Africa to keep a mongoose to guard against snakes, while in the Indian bazaars it was not unusual for a mongoose-versus-snake fight to be staged as an attraction.

In its natural state the mongoose's prey is all kinds of rodents and snakes—in captivity it feeds on scraps from the house like any cat or dog.

  
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## Two G.C.s At A Commemorative Parade



Bothwell, Chippenham

A special parade was recently held at the Basil Hill Barracks, Hauxthorn, Wilts, to celebrate the bravery of members of 15 Coy., R.A.O.C., Central Ammunition Depot, Corsham, who prevented widespread disaster when an ammunition train exploded at Savernake early this year. Ten honours were gained, and eight soldiers were killed. Among those at the parade were: (back) Col. G. C. H. Heron, O.B.E., Maj.-Gen. G. W. Palmer, C.B.E., Col. H. C. Carter, O.B.E.; (front) Major K. A. Biggs, G.C., Mrs. Rogerson, Mrs. Heron and S/Sgt. S. G. Rogerson, G.C. An oak memorial tablet was unveiled by Maj.-Gen. Palmer

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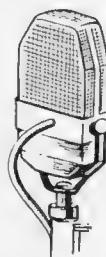
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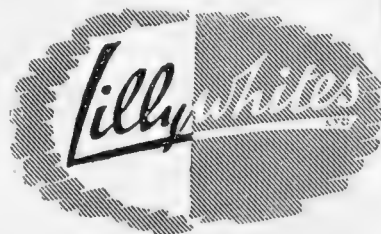
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P I C C A D I L L Y C I R C U S



# Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

EVERYTHING, nowadays, is either a problem to solve, or a question to consider. And nearly all the problems and questions have to do with matters of war, politics or education. I imagine that the B.B.C. news devotes 99.999 per cent of its time to these three mournful subjects. And among them there has occasionally appeared the question of Royal Air Force strength and the problem of recruiting men for it.

Officers come forward in plenty, for flying is good fun especially when you can have an enormous engine without having to pay for the fuel it consumes. But airmen (I wish the Air Ministry had never adopted that ambiguous term for other ranks of the R.A.F.) are scarce. In short the foundations of the air arm which, like all other foundations, are on the ground, are shaky.

I am not going to try to solve the problem of how to find more people who want to be airmen (that is groundmen in the Air Force), but I am going to consider the question of why it is a problem. Why do men not come forward at a time when the prestige of the R.A.F. is at its highest and the conditions of service and pay better than ever before?

## Old-Fashioned Formula

PERHAPS the reason is to be found in the doubt which exists in the minds of many thinking men about the future value of air forces. Either all the hopes of the present day will be realized and there will be no more war—when there will be no more need for an air force; or else the next war will be so dominated by guided missiles carrying atomic bombs that an air force would be incapable of useful intervention.

Nobody likes to be connected professionally with something that is out of date. And perhaps—as some of these people may think—air forces are out of date. What is the use of interceptor fighters capable of 1,000 kilometres an hour when the guided, rocket-driven missiles which it would be their duty to intercept move at 5,000 kilometres an hour, and go

up to heights beyond the reach of an ordinary aeroplane?

Why have big bombers when blows can be struck much quicker and with less chance of failure by guided missiles? Even reconnaissance photography can be done by radio controlled or automatically controlled craft.

It does look as if air forces are out of date. And I confess that I believe that air forces on the old formula are out of date. No new formula, however, has been officially announced. Work on guided missiles is as secret as it was during the war. Nobody knows if they are to be the responsibility of the Air Force, the Army or the Navy, or of all three.

## Wanted—a Policy

To sum up, then, I believe that it is the lack of any published official, realist policy for the Royal Air Force that has caused a lack of enthusiasm for serving in its other ranks. Presumably the Air Staff has clear views on the modifications that are needed to make the Air Force a useful instrument of defence. But they have not been stated.

All that we see is ordinary straightforward development along the old lines. What we ought to see is a fresh orientation to bring the Air Force into line with general weapon development.

The only alternative is a change in the three-Service system. My own views have been expressed often enough. They are that the Air Force of the future must be mainly a carrying force. Its transport side must be intensively developed, for its main function will be to ensure swift occupation of places reduced by guided missiles.

## "Razor-Blade" Engine

SIR ROY FEDDEN can be trusted to look far ahead in anything he designs. His achievement in making sleeve-valve engines work, and in enabling them to build up a reputation as being among the most trustworthy engines in the world, testified to his genius in forward planning.



## At the Radar Exhibition

Ralph Richardson (left) was one of the guests at the Radar Exhibition luncheon at the Simpson Services Club, Piccadilly, recently. He is seen with Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. S. L. Simpson (centre) and Sir Robert Renwick, K.B.E., who proposed the toast "Radar"

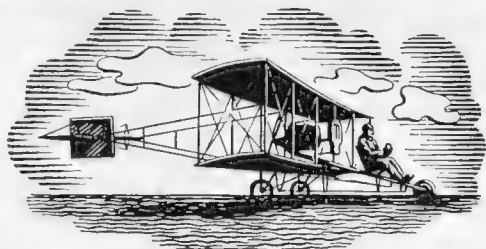
It is partly because of this that there will not be a personal aeroplane owner in the world who will not want to inspect Fedden's new Flat Six engine at the Paris show. It has been nicknamed the "razor blade" engine because it is the thinnest ever made for its power. It can be sunk in a wing fourteen inches deep.

And it bristles with technical interest. Especially attractive from the small aeroplane owner's point of view is the use of fuel injection. This eliminates most of the fire risks and gives a slightly better fuel consumption. Sir Roy Fedden, in this little engine, has confirmed his own technical eminence. He also has a much larger, propjet unit; but of this I will speak at another time. The Flat Six, by the way, is of 160 horse-power.



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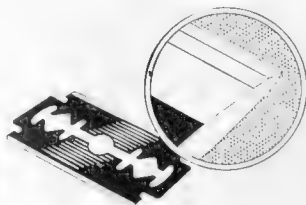
pioneered the way for new aircraft developments.

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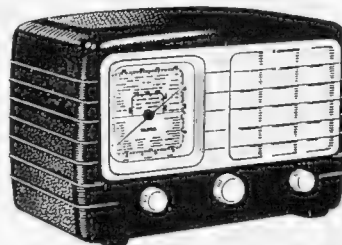


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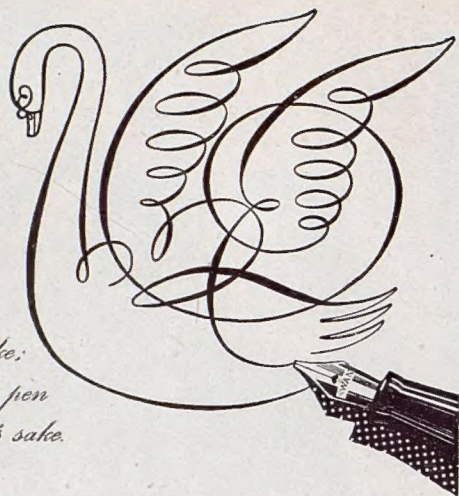


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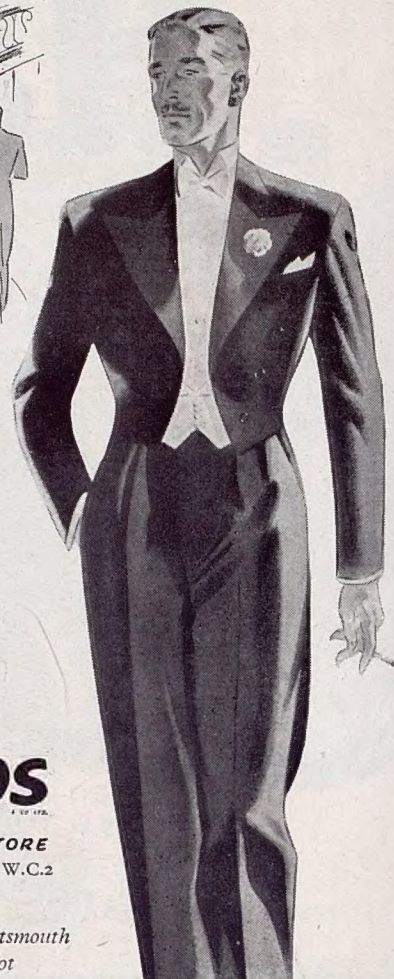
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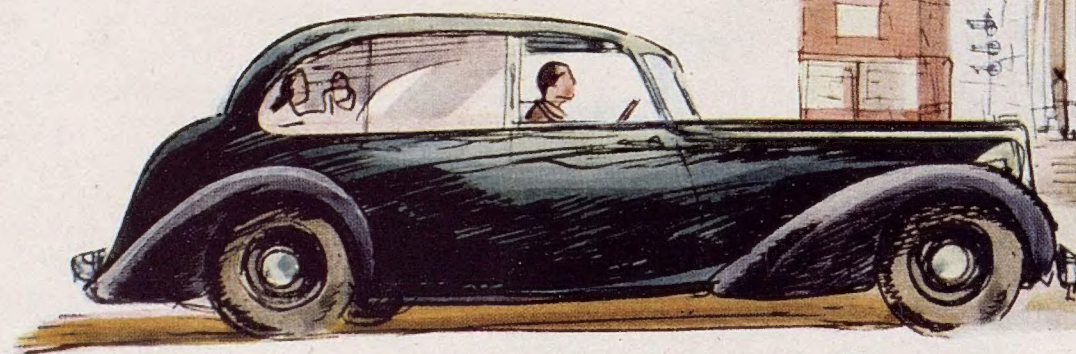


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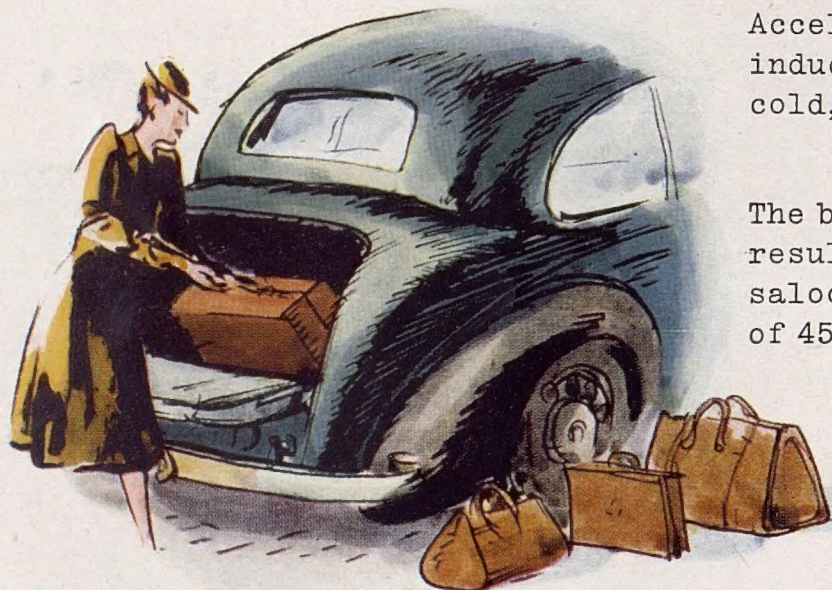
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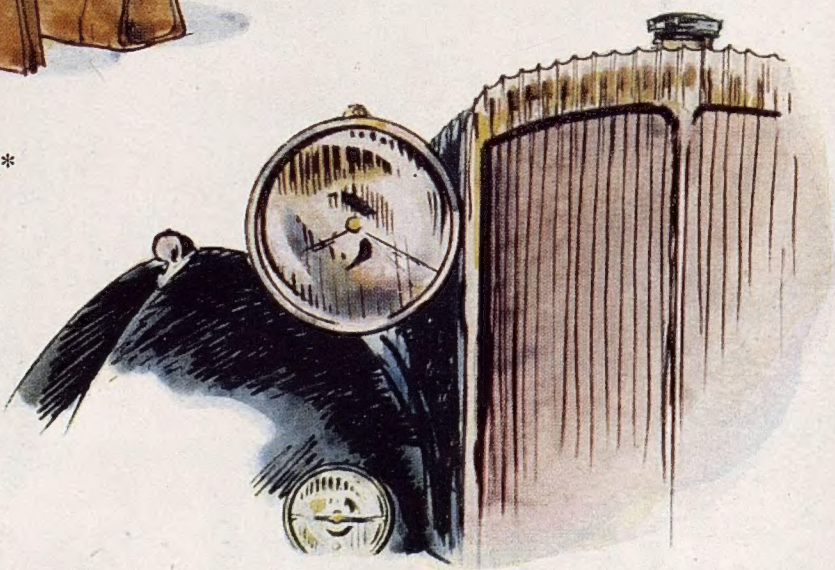
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